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SOUTHERN MARKSMAN.

WHEN THE PEOPLE CEASE TO THINK FOR THEMSELVES, THEN THEIR LIBERTIES ARE GONE.

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TERMS.
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From the Ladies' Companion.
BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

AN APPEAL.
We blush when we name Bunker Hill; and are disposed to skulk away, and hide ourselves in some secret corner, out of the sight and the cognizance of men. And as go blushing every American that hath a soul; the finger-post of whose mind hath not so rotted at the base, that it toppleth and directeth downward to the earth and sordid things, but pointeth upward and onward. 'Who of you would build a house and siteth not down and count the cost? And did not the projectors of the monument—Bunker Hill; who would commemorate thereby the birth-place of Freedom—the glorious impulse to a world would rear an altar of sacrifice for patriotism on that holy of holies—did not they count the cost? Had they not treasure, that there standeth a monument half finished, a by-word and a reproach—dishonoring and cumbering the ground that supporteth it. Aye, truly, they did count; and thought to draw from an exhausted treasury—A nation's gratitude! a people's patriotism!—and it is that such a treasury should be soon reverberate the hollow sound of emptiness, that we are humbled and ashamed—that we would hide from the face of men!

Think of it! Men and women of America! reflect upon it! But six years have we been a nation. Our growth is of less than yesterday; so small a period in the lapse of years, that were all departed time to be spread out before us as a map, the prick of a needle's point would more than suffice to define our boundaries and existence there! And yet we are a mighty, a prosperous, a glorious people; a wonder to all nations, ourselves foremost amongst them. Our edifice towers above kingdoms and empires—overlapping the handiwork of centuries on centuries—this edifice of a moment!

We were nothing, and in a twinkling, we are every thing! Our history is a sentence. 'We fought, conquered, were free, and are a great nation!' They that saw our sun of freedom rise have not yet all passed away. They yet breathe!—they that fought on Bunker Hill! Aye, breathe and move among us, and speak to us—they that helped to make us what we are; and we listen to the tale of the inspiring work from their own mouths. The sacred blood of the martyrs to achieve what we enjoy, yet tinges the ground where it fell, for the earth hath not had time to drink it up. Our fathers—our own immediate fathers, by whom we were begotten, created and fixed our fortunes on a rock, and with all these pure, running, gushing fountains of inspiration to patriotism, we have built a monument, and left it half made! Oh, it is not more than a shame—it is a bitter, burning, accursed thing!

And it is an aggravation of the degradation of our own honor, that no difficult testimony of our patriotism was demanded. It was not asked that we should become pilgrims to a distant shrine, like Musselmen to their prophet's tomb. It was not asked of us that we should mortify our flesh, and distort our limbs as doth the Hindoo devotee—nor that we should separate ourselves from men, and live in hermit solitude like the saints of olden time; no, nor to sacrifice one of the least of our hopes or affections, or ought that were indeed a hard thing; but only and simply to bestow of our superfluity of dress—a little mite! and we cannot give it!

But what is the utility of a monument, very some in excuse? Aye, UTILITY! It is an expressive word—a word of four syllables! and it is used to cover a multitude of sins! Out upon it! It is used to cloak the very degradation of sordid selfishness! Utility! This is the age of utility! We build great stone houses, and labor like dogs from morning to night, and become strangers, in our toil, to the sweet affections, and the gentler sensibilities, and the enchanting perceptions of our nature—we swallow our food with the rapidity of any quickest thing we can fancy, to the manifest exposure of ourselves to strangulation, that not a moment may be lost, and we hoard and hoard, neither enjoying of ourselves the fruits of our labor, nor opening its benefits to others. We build great railroads, for they will yield percentage; we dig high canals, for they will yield percentage; we make steamboats hiss and sputter, and fly, for they will yield percentage; and when others come upon our track, we count not life as aught in the one absorbing pursuit, and in the fierce competition, louder hisses the steam, broader spatters the spatter the wheels, and faster flies the boat, and then a sound as of thunder—a few shrieks, and hundreds are huddled in the embrace of death! and all this is utility! Then a mite of these hoards is asked of us, that a monument may be reared to their memory, who bled to give us title to build railroads, dig canals, and propel steamboats, and send our great ships, like living things, flapping their huge wings across the waters, to fill up our store houses with the useful and the beautiful things of the whole earth, and we snare our heads and cry out aloud, 'Where is the utility?'

Again, saith the unwilling one; 'I am not of Massachusetts; let the people of Massachusetts build their own monuments! Had our fathers said thus, we had not been free. What! shall the title to Bunker Hill be given up to Massachusetts! Will a nation surrender its birth right. Bunker Hill and its enduring glory are the patrimony of every American heart. The men who fought there, knew no boundaries, no divisions. They fought as Americans—for their whole country! And they fought as well at Saratoga, and White Plains, and Brandywine, and Yorktown, as at Bunker Hill! for they fought as Americans, for their whole country! Their memories belong to their whole country! In the great question of Freedom, and its birth and its results, Massachusetts men and New York men and South Carolina men are cast in the grand and glorious name of Americans—countrymen! Massachusetts men and New York men and South Carolina men fought side by side, shoulder to shoulder, and their mingled blood beneath the same sod where their patriot blood ran out in a commingled stream! Oh, let not their children create divisions that the fathers had not! And now an appeal is made once more. Americans, shall the monument be finished? WOMEN OF AMERICA, take up this cause! Be you the avengers of your country's honor! Wipe away the stain that is upon us! Plead, implore, weep!—There may be hard hearts that can withstand your tears? Weep! that we may no longer be a by-word. Your mothers cheered and supported and filled with courage the bosoms of our fathers in the hour of trial and dismay—and their memories are blessed. Let their daughters emulate their mothers; and cry, 'give! give!' and make sluggish patriotism, and tear away the enfolded shroud of selfishness—and the, too, shall be blessed in their day and generation!

ANOTHER FIGHT ON GRAND RIVER.

The New Orleans Picayune says:—A gentleman of our acquaintance has lately received a letter from Co. Bowie, of Liberia, containing some interesting relation. We are kindly permitted to make some extracts, after apologizing to the writer for publishing that to the world, which was meant only for the eye of a friend. The letter is dated Nov. 13th, 1838, and after the mention of some minor matters, the Col. Describes the appearance of a man he encountered in the woods lately, while on a hunting excursion the following words:

'I saw an old man in the woods that has lived here three years alone; he says he has seen no human being before, in twelve months an odd old fellow, who knew neither month or year; when I found him he was wading potatoes; he has about six hundred head of hogs, these with his gun and do, are his only companions; his beard is perfectly white, and about eight inches long; he comes nearer my idea of an old patriarch than any thing I ever saw, he was dressed in buckskin and appeared contented.'

'This is doubtless a history of some interest connected with the life of one, who at an advanced age, thus contemns the sympathies of the world. We should like to hear the old man's tale, under the shade of some tree, by a streamlet in the forest.'

The following notice of a 'Panther fight,' which came off lately on Grand River, speaks well for the prowess of those engaged in it.

'Mr. Carr hearing a hog squeal about dark; took up his gun and went out to see what was the matter. On his arrival in the cane, he found a panther 'rather busy' in making up to him. He attempted to fire his rifle, but it snapped; he then struck the animal on the nose with it, when the barbed fell on of the stock. Upon this the panther jumped back into the cane, and seized the hog which he had left for the purpose of attacking Carr, who nothing daunted by the untoward accident, went to his house, repaired the damage of his gun and came back to the scene, with his wife and a young girl; one of them having an axe and the other a tomahawk.'

On arriving they found the panther behaving a bundle of palmetto, where he could not be seen distinctly. Carr gave up his gun to the girl; took the axe and cut the palmetto down; at that instant the panther leaped upon him; threw him down and bit him in the head, and was about aiming his murderous feet at his throat, when Carr caught him by the under jaw, and held him with his hand in his mouth; Mrs. Carr then mounted the panther, tomahawk in hand, and gave him several blows; a little dog also seizing him at the same time. The panther let go Carr, and gathering the dog, retreated into the cane break again. Carr and his family, then went home, and sent for Capt. Ives, who came over with his gun and a fine bull dog; put on a thick coat, and repaired to the battle ground. He found the panther as nimble as ever, and quite enraged, for he leaped upon him so soon, that he had not time to fire his gun; his trusty bull dog, however, dragged the 'ferment' off after he had stripped Ives' coat into tatters. Ives was afraid to shoot then, for fear of killing his dog, and had resort to a Bowie knife, with which he dispatched him. This is the

only time of late years, I have heard of the Bowie knife being used for the purpose originally intended, and for which alone it was intended.'

The above extract from the Colonel's letter is doubtless true in every particular, and we compliment all parties concerned, for their coolness and courage on the occasion.

WONDERFUL RELIC OF THE PAST.—Mr. Buckingham gives the following view of the wonderful ruins of Thebes, in a late lecture on Egypt.

The ruins of Thebes existed in nearly the same proportions on each bank of the Nile. On ascending the river, a number of vast temples were seen on the left hand, while on the right were the catacombs or tombs of the kings—and nearly in the centre was the celebrated statue of the Memnon. The principal Temple which had astonished all travellers by its magnitude and beauty, was on the right bank of the Nile. It was dedicated to Jupiter Ammon—was remarkable for the harmony of its proportions—and was placed in the best possible place to be seen, an advantage of which the ancients never lost sight but which seems to be disregarded in modern days. It was situated at two miles distance from the bank of the Nile, that it might be seen by the voyager at a proper point of view. A flight of massive granite steps led from the river to the bank which when the traveller had ascended, he found himself at the entrance of a wide avenue reaching to the Temple, and which was lined on both sides for one and three quarters of a mile with Sphinxes, carved out of solid rock, being each 30 ft in height and standing 60 ft apart. The remainder of the avenue, the other quarter of a mile was ornamented with statues sixty ft in height, and near the gateway were two obelisks, each 120 ft in height. On passing the doorway, and arriving beneath the portico, the scene was truly magnificent, creating astonishment and inspiring a feeling of veneration and awe, not only in the educated traveller, but even in the minds of the Arab guide, who frequently visited the spot. Bozoni and Denon had both described in powerful language, the effect produced upon their feelings, by the extent and sublimity of the prospect around them.

Mr. B. described the magnitude of the portico and compared it to the portico of the Capitol at Washington—which was in due proportion to the body of the building itself. The portico of the Capitol was supported by 24 columns, being double the number ordinarily used on these occasions: they were each 9 ft. in diameter, and presented a most imposing appearance. But in the portico of the temple of Jupiter Ammon, the number of columns was one hundred and forty-four—each was 12 ft. in diameter, and stood at least 42 ft apart! In the centre of this portico there was a space sufficiently large to contain the Capitol at Washington with the adjoining green.

But this vast portico was in proper architectural proportions with the immense building to which it was the entrance.—The Temple of Jupiter Ammon being 2 miles in length, having been frequently measured, once by the French Cavalry under Desaix, who rode round it at a brisk trot, and calculated its extent by the time it required to perform the act—again by foot soldiers, who marched around it, and finally by the French savans, in Napoleons army, who measured it with chains, and ascertained it to be two English miles in length.

The vastness of its size struck the beholder with awe, but the decorations in sculpture and painting, on the columns and walls, doubtless required more labor than even the erection of the Temple itself.—The whole interior of the walls was covered with Mythological figures, which could not be understood at this day, and great and small hieroglyphics probably many millions in number. These pictorial writings were painted in the most vivid colors, the brilliancy of which continued even to the present time. The outer surface of the wall of the temple was covered with paintings and sculpture of much excellence, representing battle scenes, landscapes, &c., of every variety, showing that the artists of that period must have possessed much genuine skill. This renowned Temple from its colossal size, and the great number and variety of its decorations, could hardly have been begun and completed during the lifetime of one of their kings. It was probably the work of several reigns, and no one could view it, without being forcibly struck with the grandeur and sublimity of its appearance, and filled with admiration at the vastness of the Egyptian architecture.

TIME—BY J. K. PAULDING.
I saw a temple reared by the hands of man, standing with its high pinnacle in the distant plain. The streams beat upon it—the God of Nature hurled his thunderbolts against it—and yet it stood as firm as adamant. Revelry was in its halls, the gay, the happy, the young, and beautiful, were there I returned—and O! that temple was no more! Its high walls lay in scattered ruins, the moss and wild grass grew rankly there; and at the midnight hour, the owls' cry added to the deep solitude. The young and gay who revelled there had passed away.

I saw a child rejoicing in his youth—the idol of his mother, and pride of his father. I returned, and that child had become old! Trembling with the weight of years he stood the last of his generation, a stranger amidst the desolation around him.

I saw the old oak standing in all its pride on the mountain the birds were cavorting on the boughs. I returned, and that oak was leafless and sapless; the winds were playing at their pastime through its branches.

'who is the destroyer?' said I to my guardian angel.

'It is Time,' said he. 'When the morning stars sang together with joy over the new made world, he commenced his course and when he shall have destroyed all that

I come down the other day in the steamboat Cleaveland. She's a pretty fixin, Golly! ain't she a sma-her? Once coming down, a streak of lightning followed three miles and better. The captain see it was gaining on us a little, so he told the man to starboard the helm and let it go by. It did go like a horse, and we were so near it that the deck passengers smelt brimstone.

The captain felt a little cheap at first, about letting it beat him, and said the steamboat was 'at up, but I told him he did perfectly right to run out, as there was so many women on board, and then there was so much iron, that it drew the lightning and helped it along, so it wasn't fair play. You should have heard the thunder that come along just after it. It would have given you a new idea for one of your articles.

Perhaps you didn't know where I come from. Give us your fist now and I'll tell you all about it. When I'm home, I stop in the Chuckahokee diggin, in the State of Indiana. We raised an almighty crop of wheat this year, I reckon nigh upon four thousand bushels, and a sprinkling of corn oats, potatoes and garden sass. You could hear the earth groan all round our settlement, the crops were so heavy, and that's what gives rise to the stories about earthquakes. It was enough to make a young earthquake to hear corn grow as it did; and as to potatoes, I'll be skinned alive if ever I saw any thing like it. Why any one of them warm nights, you just go out into a little patch of fifty acres, close to the house and hold your ear down, you could hear the young potatoes quarrelling, and the old ones swearing at them because they didn't lay lay along and stop crowding. I calculate you didn't raise such crops in these parts.

Why, one day, one of our squashes chased a dove of hogs better than half a mile, and they ran and squalled as if the old boy was after them. One little pig stubbed his toe and fell down and was never seen afterwards.

We got in pretty much all the crops, and I told the old men I would take a trip down East and see the old folks, grandfathers and mothers, aunts and cousins, a pretty considerable heap of them I calculate, down to old Vermont. So I packed up my plunder, got on the stage and started.

I reckon I'll have a little fun among you before, I take a canal boat for down East. All I'm after is to be clawing into the pumpkin pies about thanksgiving time.

A CHAPTER ON LAUGHTER.—I am not one of those who think with the poet that a loud laugh bespeaks a vacant mind. I love to hear a sturdy outburst; quick, sudden, full and sonorous. Not a premeditated laugh, mind you! Not one of those explosions where you see a risible muscles working and puckering up half an hour previous to the expected cackling ebullition. No telegraphic signals for me. No precursors to destroy the effects of what is coming, give me a laugh, the sound of which strikes upon the tympanum with the sudden effect of thunder from the summer sky—yet would not I have it uproarious or lasting either, but of moderate volume, and departing as suddenly as it came. There is some pleasure in telling a good joke to a hearty laughter—it repays you for treasuring it in your memory—you feel that your sociability is appreciated, and while the recipient shakes all over with mirth, you congratulate yourself that the pleasurable feelings you have excited are a worthy tribute paid to your powers of humorous recital. No man ever laughed without being stout and wholesome withal. There is more philosophy in the advice 'laugh and grow fat,' than is dreamed of in the day dreams of the many. It implies a capability of neutralizing care by diluting it with good humor. The

lean ragged, furtive-looking anatomy never enjoys the luxury of a good laugh; at least not such an one as makes you throw yourself back in your chair, your thumbs tucked into the arm-holes of your waistcoat, your face turned to the ceiling, your mouth wide open, and every throb and screw convulsed with pleasant sensations. His physical powers are unequal to so much exertion—a brief smile is the utmost he can compass—and that 'like moonlight on the blasted heath,' only exposes by its melancholy brightness, the desolation of the surface it irradiates. Never at its pleasurable feelings. Every honest laugh a man enjoys draws a nail from his coffin—'vive la bagatelle,' 'laugh when you can,' 'throw physic to the dogs,' and study to be as good humored as you may—it is the only secret of a long life and a green old age. Good humor is better than Swain's Panacea—and cheaper to boot. Never be annoyed at trifles; they are but the flying clouds across the blue sky of a man's life. They soon pass away, and what the better are you for having been ill-humored at their presence. Sunshine is the laughter of nature, and mark you! low heart-gladdened all things are when basking beneath its beauty. The lambs frisk, the birds sing—the streams leap in their brightness, and even the spirit of man expands glowing to its influence. As sun shine is to the visible world, so is laughter humanity—irradiating and vivifying—warming and expanding.—N. Y. Mirror.

THE FARMER.—No avocation in life is more respectable and useful than that of the farmer. The time has gone by, when contempt is cast upon the husbandman. Agriculture as a science, is becoming more important and more honorable. It is the noblest for the natural employment of man. The intelligent and independent farmer is ever respected; he holds an important and responsible place in society. Upon him devolve many duties; upon him rests many obligations. In him we look for examples in patriotism, virtue and intelligence. Living not in the 'hem of human cities,' where he would be continually in the whirlpool of political and other excitement, he can examine questions of a moral, religious and political nature, with a cool head and calm mind, and an unbiased judgment. To him we look for correct opinion, and in him we should find a safe counsellor and a correct adviser.

Our farmers should cultivate their minds and hearts as well as their fields. They can gain the rich rewards in the mental, as they can reap profitable harvests in the natural world. Without learning a man cannot be a first rate farmer. Without intelligence he cannot discharge in a proper manner, the duties of a citizen. Agriculture is a science that requires experience and study. Men must be educated to be farmers, as well as doctors or lawyers. And there are thousands of young men, who are in stores and offices, who should go into agricultural pursuits. It would be better for them, better for the country. And who would not rather be an independent farmer, than a small shop keeper, or a fourth rate lawyer, or doctor? Who would not rather be first in a useful employment, than to be a titman in one which the world calls honorable? Let young men seek for lands, rather than for situations, 'in the cotton trade and sugar line.'—Mobile Ploughboy.

MEXICO AND FRANCE.—The N. Orleans Bulletin of Friday last, says of the refusal of Mexico to accept the capitulation offered by the French.—'To provoke a war with so powerful a foe, would be an act of insanity in the rulers of Mexico, and unless some foreign nation interposes, the entire subjugation of that State would be the result; and perseverance in a policy so rash, and fraught with results that threaten the very existence of the Government, can scarcely be anticipated—though all calculations may fail, that are predicated on the movements of a people like the Mexicans. Their imbecility is only surpassed by their pride and ignorance. The great mass labor under the delusion that the Mexicans are the most powerful and opulent nation on earth; and it was not until the defeat of Santa Anna, at San Jacinto, that their invincibility began to be doubted. The Texans have done much to remove this popular error, but it still lingers among the lower classes, and will exercise, no doubt, an influence upon the measures of the Government. An homage to this vulgar infatuation in all probability, has led to the refusal to ratify the capitulation of General Ticon. The Government were apprehensive of a popular tumult should they ratify stipulations that were esteemed humiliating to the national dignity of Mexico.—Hence, to sustain themselves in public estimation, the Administration party may have been forced to adopt a line of policy which their own judgment condemned as ruinous to the country.'

FATAL AFFRAY AT LOUISVILLE.—More Stabbing.—The Galt House at Louisville has lately been the scene of another row far more terrible in its result than the one when Capt. Marryat got into the scrape and was compelled to leave on account of the phrenologists wife. We gather the facts from the Louisville Reporter of the 7th inst.—They are as follows:—
'Our city on Saturday evening, was

thrown into an extraordinary state of excitement by the fact being generally known that three gentlemen from Mississippi, lodging at the Galt House, had stabbed four of our citizens, in the bar room of the hotel, during a fracas which had originated as follows:—The Mississippi gentlemen, Judge Wilkerson, of Yazoo county, in that state, his brother and a Mr. Murdock, had, it appeared, been at Mr. Redding's store on the corner of Pearl and Main streets, about four o'clock in the afternoon, to return a coat, on the ground of misfitting.—The gentleman who objected to the fitting of the coat was not the one for whom it had been made, and Mr. Redding being irritated by his remarks, made some observations which caused the Mississippi party to draw their Bowie knives and threaten vengeance. In this early affray, one of the Mississippi party, it is alleged struck Mr. Redding with a poker, and otherwise assaulted him. They then left Mr. Redding's store and repaired to the Galt House. At six o'clock, Mr. Redding, followed by a few friends, namely, his brother-in-law, Mr. Rothwell the hatter, corner of Sixth and Market streets, Mr. Meeks, bar-keeper of the Wall Street House, and Mr. Holmes pilot of the Henry Clay, and perhaps others, went to the Galt House to demand the names of the Mississippi gentlemen, for the purpose of getting a warrant against them. They met Judge W. in the bar room and the altercation was then renewed, in the course of which, Meeks was ripped up in the abdomen by a Bowie knife, and his bowels gushed out, instantly causing his death; and Rothwell was stabbed through the back over the left hip, and by another blow from the front through the liver, near the same side; Holmes was stabbed through the fleshy part of his left arm, above the elbow, and his hand was also badly hurt. It is feared the wounds received by Mr. Rothwell will prove mortal; that received by Mr. Holmes is not dangerous. Two pistols were fired in the affray. Mr. Oldham also received a stab through the fleshy part of his arm. The Mississippi gentlemen escaped unhurt except from the effects of such beating as was inflicted without weapons in the scuffle. By this time a great crowd had assembled about the Galt House, and such was the excitement against the Mississippians that they would probably have been torn to pieces had they not fled up stairs and hid in a dark room. The Mayor, City Marshal, and the police officers were instantly on the spot; and Lucas, one of the watchmen rushed into the dark room to secure the prisoners. They at first resisted, but upon a light being procured surrendered themselves to the Mayor and officers. The three persons thus apprehended were Judge Wilkerson, charged with stabbing Rothwell; his brother with aiding and abetting; add Mr. Murdock, charged with having killed Meeks. They were taken separately, unknown to the crowd, each in custody of an officer, through a back passage from the Galt House and lodged in the jail, which the Mayor announced the commitment to the crowd which then dispersed.'

From the Journal we learn that Rothwell died of his wounds the next day after the occurrence, (Sunday.) It was thought that Holmes, the pilot, would recover. The persons implicated in the transaction were taken before the examining Court on Monday, but, at their own request the trial was postponed.

ALABAMA BANKING LAW.—A bill has been introduced in the Legislature of Alabama for the advancement of the Agriculture, Commerce and Industry of Alabama. It provides for the issuing of ten millions of State Stock, the incorporation of a State Bank, and the construction of internal improvements, &c. &c.—Rep. Ban.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM THE HERMITAGE.

The following letter was addressed to the Junior Editor by his old and valued friend, the accomplished Editor of the Free Trader. It was delayed so long by the mails that it did not reach here until after the departure of Col. Lester to attend the military reviews in the Southern part of the State. The letter was evidently written in haste, and not designed for the press, but we take the responsibility to lay it before our readers.

NASHVILLE, Sept. 8, 1838.
FRIEND LESTER.—In compliance with my promise, I drop you a few lines relative to the retired Chieftain of the Hermitage, whom we have just returned from visiting.

The old Hero received us with his usual urbanity, and presented us to his interesting adopted family, and to your friend Col. Erile. The venerable Ex-President is quite feeble but in fine spirits, and his mind appears as vigorous as when his body was in the perennial pride of manhood. His frame is bowed down by the weight of years of toil and exposure in the service of a country that has proved herself grateful, by awarding to him her highest honors. I could not look upon that splendid wreck of physical greatness, illumined as it still is by super-human intelligence and prophetic forecast, without a feeling of awe mingled with my devotion and love. If there ever was a man whose personal appearance and conversation could arouse the best feelings and purest aspirations of the human heart, that man is Gen. Andrew Jackson. Those who have abused him most, have known him least. Could they see him now at his retreat, surrounded by the young and beautiful; him, the self-willed general, the proud conqueror, the great statesman, the lofty genius, the incorruptible patriot, as unpretending as the most lowly who receive hospitality at his hands, I think the spirit of malice itself